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land) will, instead of soft tales to each other under hawthorn bushes, be glad to hurdle their sheep, and hurry to the chimney corner, and the blazing hearth, to restore a due degree of heat to their shivering limbs. *Friend's Evening Amusements.*

MILITARY TACTICS OF OLD.

Some of our readers may be gratified to know how *Sawney*, the Scot, exercised his men a century ago. We find the manual exercises of the Scotch officers in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for June, 1746.

Tak' heed, Sawney.

Join your spoon hand to your muckle gun, sir.

Haud her out before your face, sir.

Your cogue-hand to your muckle gun, sir.

Bring her down to your knie, sir.

Pu' back the lug o' her, sir.

Present at the gelly wellfoots, sir.

Fire, sir.

Haud her out before your face again, sir.

Pu' up the lug o' her, sir.
Handle your kail-seed, sir.
Cast into the lug o' her, sir.
Steek the lug o' her, sir.
Haud her out before your face again, sir.

Cast about your muckle gun, sir.
Pu' her into your wame, sir.
Handle your kail-seed, sir.
Bite off the head o' it, sir.
Cast it into the wame o' her, sir.
Lug out your wolly wand, sir.
Shorten it against your wame, sir.
Pu' it into the wame o' her, sir.
Ram down your kail-seed, sir.
Lug it against your wame, sir.
Pu' it into the place o' it again, sir.

Cast off your muckle gun, sir.
Your spoon hand under the lug o' her, sir.

Haud her out before your face again, sir.

Your dowp to me, and your face to Inverness, sir.

Blaw up the muckle pipes, M'Cart-er.

Now gae your gaits, sir.

Liverpool Mercury.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

A HYMN ON THE VICISSITUDES OF HUMAN LIFE.

THRO' all the various shifting scene
Of life's mistaken ill or good,
Thy hand, O God, conducts unseen,
The beautiful vicissitude.

He portions with paternal care,
Howe'er unjustly we complain,
To each his necessary share,
Of Joy and Sorrow, Health or Pain.

Trust we to youth, to friends, or power,
Fix we our feet on fortune's ball;

When most secure, the coming hour,
If he sees fit, may blast them all.

When lowest sunk in grief and shame,
Gorged in affliction's bitter cup,
Lost to relations, friends, and fame,
His powerful hand can raise thee up.

His mighty consolations cheer,
His smiles erect th' afflicted head,
His hand can wipe away the tear,
That secret dews the widow'd bed.